

HE WON'T BUDGE.
HARRISON.—What!—I've retired as a candidate?—Not much!



THE EMPTY CHAIR.

A little plate, a little chair,
A little fork and spoon are there;
But the child which was wont to fill the chair,
The blue-eyed child with the golden hair,
Is gone.
But weep not — the child is all hunky;
It's been sent to bed for being spunky.

F. W. Knight.

FROM THE "HAWVILLE CLARION."

HIS paper is silent on the all-absorbing silver question because we do not know anything about it, and because it does not humiliate us in the least to be honest and admit our ignorance. We know many things — the experiences of several long and eventful years devoted to the publication of a weekly newspaper have taught us enough wisdom to make us an exceedingly smart old man if we live. We have learned how to wallow in luxury on an income hardly sufficient to keep the average school girl supplied with chewing gum, and how to be happy though the father of eight always-hungry children. We know how to tan hides, pull teeth, repair watches, instruct a broom-drill squad, read character from the lines of the hand, patch rubber boots, conduct a libel suit, pronounce over four hundred obsolete words, play a tidy game of poker, and speak three different Indian dialects. We have acted as base-ball umpire in a manner that won for us encomiums from both sides, and were once presented with a gold-headed cane because of our satisfying services as judge at a prize baby show. We know sufficient of medicine to practice on our own children and other people's



CONFESION IS GOOD FOR THE SOUL.

FIRST TRAMP. — Don't these tramp jokes make yer tired?

SECOND TRAMP. — Well, I dunno. I guess I'd be tired anyway.

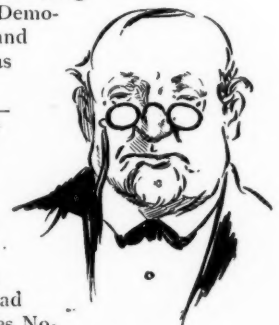
horses, and enough of magic to entertain a church fair. We have dabbled in spiritualism, and know something about entomology, philately and archæology. As we said before, we know many things, but we do not know anything definite on the silver question, and we therefore decline to express any opinion regarding it.

THE UNPREJUDICED PRESS.

EDITOR *Hayville Republican*. — I'm going off for a day's fishing, Billings. When the telegraph matter comes in from the Democratic Convention just head it, "The Old Ring Rules," "The Chronic Democratic Office-holders and Heelers Nominated, as Usual," and so forth.

ASSISTANT EDITOR. — But there's big talk of the reform element controlling; and, if so, they'll put up business men of unimpeachable integrity.

EDITOR. — Well, in that case, make the head read, "Political Nobodies Nominated," "A Weak Ticket of Obscure Unknowns!" and let it go at that.



IN LONDON.

"And what ever became of Lord Alfred?"

"He went to New York and married into the — a — Stock Exchange."

[N ATTEMPTING to nail political lies many a thumb is fractured.



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ASTONISHED AT IGNORANCE.

AMERICAN MAIDEN. — Why is it that Englishmen say "don't you know" so much in their conversation?

VISITING ENGLISHMAN. — It must be because they wonder why you don't, don't you know.



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USELESS TROUBLE.

FARMER MEDDERS (*coming suddenly upon the scene*).—Ha! ha! You black rascal. I thought I would find you here.

DEACON WOOLBERTON.—Fo' de Lawd, Mistah Medders, yo' need n't 'r put yo'self to all dat trouble comin' down heah to see me. I'se just comin' up to yo' house to ask yo' how much yo' 'd sell dis fowl fo'.

THEIR SOURCE OF SUPPLY.

BROBSON.—I don't see where all these "Misfit Clothing Parlors" that are found in every city get their stocks.

CRAIK.—Oh, England is a great manufacturing country, my boy!

THE AMERICAN heiress evidently thinks that a title worth having is worth paying for.

JUDGE.—Did the prisoner offer any resistance?

OFFICER.—Only five dollars, yer Honor.

A HANDY BICYCLE ATTACHMENT.



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FIRST YOUNG TOUGH.—Oh, say! here comes one of dem female bikers. Let 's set de dorg on her an' frighten de life outen her.

SECOND YOUNG TOUGH.—Say! dat will be de hunky sport!



THE YOUNG TOUGHS.—S-s-s-s-s! Catch her, Blinkers! Catch her!



MISS WHEELER (*as she lifts the lid*).—At him, Terror! at him!



MISS WHEELER.—That will do, Terror.



MISS WHEELER (*resuming her journey*).—Well, that 's another dog that will never trouble riders again! Get down and I'll close the lid.

WHAT MOMMER THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

SINCE EMMER 's bin to boardin'-school She 's got so very blase, She don't do nuthin' but read them fool French novels round the place.

She smokes cigarettes; yes, that she do,
Because she thinks it 's chic;
I 'm afraid she 'll be a regular roue!—
I wish they 'd make her sick!

R. L. Mc.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"The most wonderful and thrilling escape that ever happened to me," said the old veteran who had never been wounded, "was at the battle of Gettysburg. I tell you, I thought for a time that I was surely a goner, as far as Libby or Andersonville, anyway. It happened this way: We'd been fighting all morning when my regiment was ordered forward on the double-quick. We had n't gone far when I stumbled and fell heavily, knocking the wind all out of myself. After a little I sat up, still sort of dazed, and there, not fifty paces away, came what looked to me like a whole division, at least, charging right over me. At that time horrible stories were current in the army, and I began to wonder what a bayonet thrust or a smashed skull would feel like. There was no use in my trying to get up and run, and I'd just made up my mind to take my medicine like a man, when I happened to think that it was our army that wore blue uniforms. And, by Mars! what I'd thought was a division charging turned out to be only my regiment falling back; so I just got up and went with them. And that was the narrowest escape I ever had; for, if it had been rebels, I might never have been here to tell this story."

Alex. Ricketts.

AN INSTITUTION OF LEARNING.

FRIEND.—Has your son learned much since he went to college?

FATHER.—No; but I have.

DON'T WASTE time in fretting about the time you have wasted.

WORRY WILL make almost anybody thin except the people who worry because they are fat.



A SENSITIVE SOUL.

SCENE. THE LUCREBECK MANSION.



MISS PENELOPE LUCREBECK. — Papa spoke to me to-day about our marriage, dear.

CASTLETON. — Did he? What did he say?

MISS LUCREBECK. — Well, he seemed to be a little bit afraid that your income was n't quite enough to support us.

CASTLETON. — Oh, I see! And what else?

MISS LUCREBECK. — Now, dear, please don't feel disturbed. You are so sensitive about those matters.

CASTLETON. — I know it. I come from a sensitive race. My dear, you must not blame me if these things disturb me; but, any doubt, I may say, any reflection on my manhood is —

MISS LUCREBECK. — Please don't. You must n't, dear, for I shall almost be afraid to tell you what he did say. It made me almost

angry, myself; but, then, dear Papa, I know, is only anxious for my happiness.

CASTLETON. — He is n't any more than I am. Come, what was it?

MISS LUCREBECK. — It was rather hard, when I look at it from your standpoint.

CASTLETON. — What was it?

MISS LUCREBECK. — Will you promise not to get angry?

CASTLETON (*proudly*). — You need not be afraid. I trust I am too much of a gentleman ever to lose my dignity.

MISS LUCREBECK (*nestling close*). — Well, he said, — he said he supposed he would have to help us out every once in a while.

CASTLETON. — He did, did he? He said that! He implied a doubt as to my ability! He reflected upon my honor! He went so far as to — Listen! My dear, you know how proud, how supersensitive my nature is. You know how every atom in my being rises up at the thought of anything approaching dependence. Bah! the thought maddens me. You know that even under the slightest appearance of servility, my life would be a curse, my —

MISS LUCREBECK. — Now, dear, please don't get stirred up. He did n't mean anything.

CASTLETON. — Don't interrupt me. I have offered you the unselfish and devoted love of an honest man. I know I am poor; but is that a disgrace? I have pointed out to you that our life must be a simple one. Nay, that at times it may be a struggle. And you have expressed yourself as satisfied. And now your father steps in between us and makes a base insinuation. It is too much! If I thought for a moment — but, no; I will dismiss it. We are all of us bound to be misjudged. The noblest, truest natures are rarely understood. Is it strange that I should be an exception? My darling, I am too much agitated to stay longer. This is a great blow to me. I thought of your father as something different from this. I must go out and walk.

MISS LUCREBECK (*tearfully*). — Oh, don't go, dear! I —

CASTLETON (*wildly*). — I must. I will not answer for myself if I stay. But to-morrow I shall be calm. Of course, I shall not speak of this to him. It is too far beneath my notice. Farewell! Farewell! (*goes.*)



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UNDOUBTEDLY.

SAPSMITH. — He stwuck me a heavy blow in my wight eye with his fist; and then, when I stwuggled to my feet, he stwuck me in the othah eye, completely blinding me. But I was game to the lawst, baw Jawve!

GRIMSHAW. — H'm! What did you do?

SAPSMITH. — I cwied out as my fwriends were carwyng me away: "I'll see you latah!"

SCENE. THE CASTLETON GARRET.

CASTLETON. — Hello, old man! I'm glad to see you.

DASHAWAY. — I'm glad that you are glad to see me, old man. The fact is, to come to the point, this financial distress has upset me a good deal, and I'm fearfully short. I was n't going to say anything about that one hundred and fifty dollars I lent you, for I know you need it; but, by Jove, old fellow, I've got to get some money somewhere!

CASTLETON (*turning pale*). — Of course, old man, I understand; but you can guess what a fix I'm in. I can't possibly help you out now.

DASHAWAY. — Can't you? I was in hopes you might. Not even a fifty?

CASTLETON. — I'm afraid not. But I tell you what I will do for you, and I believe I can work it.

DASHAWAY (*eagerly*). — What's that?

CASTLETON. — I'll see if I can get married a month sooner than I expected to be.

Tom Masson.



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IN WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

VISITOR. — Is there anything else of interest that we ought to see?

CARETAKER. — There's this here box, sir!

VISITOR. — Ah! very quaint, indeed! — I suppose that is where the General put his private papers?

CARETAKER. — No; — that's where the folks puts my fees before they go.

A LAST HOPE.

FIRST LAWYER. — Both the law and the facts are clearly against us. SECOND LAWYER. — Ye-es. We'll have to use great care in selecting the jury.

THE IMPORTANT question in Brooklyn is whether the New Woman proposes to tackle the baby carriage.

A SIMILE.



SOMETIMES a wheezy organ
plays
A time-worn tune of other
days,
One that we hummed and
sang and knew
By air and words the whole
length through,
Verse and waltz time,
chorus, too.
But long since has it gone
the ways
Of many other songs the
same
Till now, insipid, flat and
tame,
Upon the heedless ear it falls,
Perchance some memory slight
recalls;
But, yet, by this same reason
palls—
Of such is Fame!

R. L. Mc.

ABATING A NUISANCE.

Saint Peter was sitting outside the pearly gates dictating a letter to the recording typewriter angel, while two of the cherubs were playing jack-stones in the road. Suddenly there appeared a figure bent almost double over the handle-bar of a bicycle, and fairly making the pedals hum. Before they had time to move he was upon them; he barely missed running over the cherubs, startled Saint Peter so that he dropped his halo, and scared the recording angel into swallowing her chewing-gum. Alighting from his wheel, he glanced at his watch, smiled to himself, then demanded admittance.

Saint Peter picked up his halo, dusted it off, rang the bell and called out: "Front, show this gentleman to the lower chute!"

Then, as the cyclist was led away, Saint Peter turned to the recording angel and remarked: "That's one place where he can 'scorch' without being a nuisance to any one."

Geo. T. Smith.



A LIFE WORK.

BARBER.—You are growing thin. You must be working too hard.

MAN IN CHAIR.—Never so worn out and discouraged in my life.

BARBER.—Brace up. Don't get disheartened. By the way, what was it that played you out so?

MAN IN CHAIR.—Been hunting for a barber who thought I knew when I wanted my own hair cut.



OVERCOME BY GRIEF.

SHE.—How efer could I lose dose diamonts? Vot shall ve do?

HE.—I suppose ve better adfertise undt offer a suitable reward.

SHE.—Oh, yes! — undt say dey vos of no use to anypody but der owner!

HIS WISH.

"Well, sir," demanded the haughty plutocrat, sternly; "what do you wish?"

"I—I wish I had n't cuc-cuc-come here!" stammered the bashful young suitor for the heart and hand of the plutocrat's only daughter.

THEY ARE COMING.

SPECULATIVE BOARDER.—And now that horseless carriages are an asured fact I wonder what will come next.

PHILOSOPHICAL BOARDER.—Let us hope that we will have dogless sausages, hairless butter, soundless pianos, voiceless elocutionists, acheless backs, oathless profanity, bagless bloomers, and jokeless jokes about all of them.

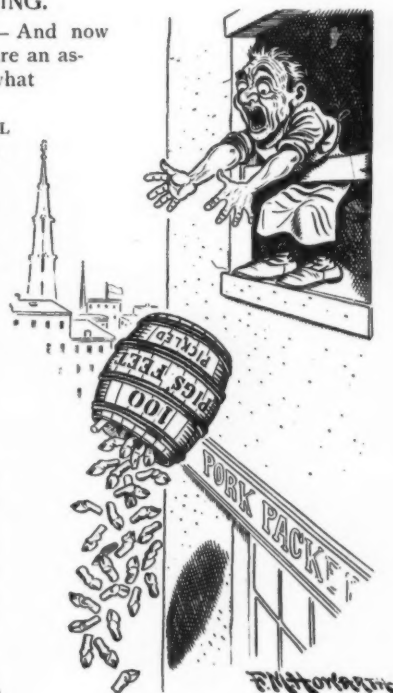
RE-ASSURED.

DR. PILLER (about to leave for a trip South).—I really need the rest, but I am worried at the idea of being away for several weeks. Suppose some of my patients should die while I was away?

FRIEND (reassuringly).—Oh, Doctor! I'm sure there's no danger of that.

BLOOBLUD (to friend, just back from a Western trip).—Well, what is new in Chicago?

NICK KERBOCKER (sententiously).—Her old families.



ANOTHER MIRACLE.

Yesterday an employee of Porking-ham's Packing Establishment dropped one hundred feet from a window on the fifth floor, but did not receive the slightest injury.

THE GREATEST bone of contention in this world is the one known as the dollar.

REAL SPORT.



HERE IS a game called Cricket. It was invented by General *Quintus Fabius Maximus Verrucosus* a little over two hundred years B. C. He devised it to help his Roman Legions kill time while they were playing their Fabian game on poor Mr. Hannibal. His idea was to have a game in which no one could see the point. He thought that in this way he might make his men think they were amusing themselves. It was n't a go.

A thousand years later some Englishmen learned that there was no go about Cricket, and they at once adopted it as the national game. The English play it with twenty-two men, instead of taking two legions, as Fabius did. It amounts to the same thing, however; for now, as then, two men play the game, and the rest look on. One man bowls, and the other guards the wicket and bats. Primarily he guards the wicket, and incidentally he bats. That is to say, there are three little sticks, a few inches apart, stuck in the ground and called a wicket; the batter is given a six-inch plank, with a handle to it. This is called a bat. He holds this plank in front of the wicket, while the bowler stands off some sixty feet and tries with a ball to hit the wicket back of the bat. The game consists in not forgetting to keep your six-inch bat in front of your three-inch wicket. If you should forget this the ball might hit the wicket, and the game would be over. This of course has n't happened more than once or twice in a century; but the English say that's where the fun comes in. In fact, I see by the English papers that some fellow who looks like Taffy or the Laird, I forget which, has just been bowled after a forty-year game; and the English papers think it so funny that they are getting up a monster shilling subscription to console him.

Every cricket club has a crack batter. He is usually some pot-bellied old gentleman who reminds you of Atlas in the old geographies holding the world on his shoulders. Crack batting consists in not getting frightened when the ball hits your plank. After it hits, it is bound to go somewhere—and while it is going the batter walks up and down the field and listens to the other side cry, "Bravo!—well hit!" This is called making runs. Fielding consists in getting out of the way of such a ball. Should the ball, however, land in some fielder's hands the game stops long enough for the team to cry "well caught!" and to congratulate him on not being hurt. Usually, however, fielding consists solely in watching when and where the ball will stop rolling.

Everything counts in cricket—except the players. Fouls are held in high repute. The batter who can hit a foul is usually given four runs without having to move. Even the kind of clothes you wear, counts. A man in flannel outranks a player in duck. And there are no errors. You take your position and trust to the Lord. He plays the game—and He can make no errors.

The great feature about cricket, however, is not the batting, but the bowling. A bowler's first requisite is

old age and spectacles. Only a man with a glass arm and a pain in his side can hope to be a good bowler. The best ball to throw is the "dew-drop," as the small boys in America would call it. The bowler who can toss this sort of a baby-ball and not lose his self-respect, is regarded as a crack and is the envy of all the others. But no matter how a man bats or bowls he can stand high in Cricketdom if he only has cheek enough to pretend great things, and has grace enough to concede equally great things to his fellows. There is a sort of senatorial courtesy among cricketers. "You help me lie, and I'll help you." It is n't what you do, but what you think you do that counts. There is a mutual delusion about the game that puts it all over base-ball. You enter the game, and the other fellow enters it—after that you have nothing to do but look wise and talk. The older you are the more you can talk, the louder you can boast, and the more advice you are permitted to give: a cricketer, like bad wine, constantly improves with age.

Cricket of course is English. Only the English and the American Anglos have sufficient lack of humor to play the game. It takes an English man to stand in the sun ten hours and do nothing, and see others do nothing, and call it fun. The Americans who play the game enjoy it because it flatters their vanity by making them feel that they are real English, and because it gives them a chance to exercise their latest English accent and to tell their joke about "Wales, old chap." Everything is very English at our cricket clubs—even the shandy-gaff. It is "Lord this" and "Lord that" in their porch talk, and the air is full of forgotten h's.

Perhaps the greatest thing about cricket is the official score. It is also distinctively English, as any one can see who has ever tackled a London time-table or a parliamentary blue-book. The cricket score seems to have been devised as a source of Winter amusement for players. After the playing season is over a cricketer can take up the Summer score and spend a pleasant Winter trying to discover from it what he did with himself in the games played. He can learn what men stood near him at a given time or place; how the ball was bowled, and whether it rolled or flew after hitting the bat. He can see what the color of the batter's hair was, and whether his cricket clothes were the genuine imported article. He can also learn whether his best girl was flirting with some other fellow on the club house porch, and how many innocent maidens cried "Good, good!—well tried!" every time he turned around; and if his mother or his aunt or his uncle witnessed the game from their English drag, the score is sure to show it. Verily, base-ball has much to learn.

O. F.

WHEN A MAN gets ahead of his expectations they spurt and pass him.

WITH SOME people, obstacles form a great incentive to laziness.



FACES OF THE DAY.



"The Lodge Night Face."



"The Bicycle Face."



"The Green Goods Face."



"The Barnstormer Face."



"The Behindtime Face."



"The 'Here Comes Roosevelt' Face."



"The Dressmaker's Bill Face."



"The Dull Razor Face."



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE POLITICAL HODGE-PODGE.

"WHEN THIEVES fall out honest men get their due," says the old proverb. Here is a new one that glistens just as brightly with truth: "When saints fall out sinners are apt to have a soft thing of it." If Tammany does not profit this Fall by the demoralization of the Reform party in New York City, it will be Tammany's fault and not the reformers'. In the past, Tammany has triumphed because it pulled together while its opponents wasted their strength in pulling against one another. Tammany was defeated last year because its opponents were for once united. Tammany abuses had become so flagrant that good citizens rushed together in their fear, forgot party differences and acted like sensible men in a time

of danger. Tammany is not the menace this year that it was last, but it still lives and shows considerable vitality, and there is every reason why the friends of good government should show an undivided front to their common enemy. Tammany stands a chance this year to regain a part of its lost power, and, while that part is inconsiderable, it would, nevertheless, be dangerous to honest city government. In the face of this danger the behavior of our various bands of reformers is not promising. They have centered their energies on fights in their own ranks. It has been a poor day during the present campaign that did not witness the bolt of a disgruntled faction, or the birth of a new Reform organization. And these Reform organizations have persisted in fighting among themselves exclusively. All this is especially distressing when it is remembered that Tammany is at the old stand, giving a beautiful exhibition of harmony under trying circumstances. It is saddening to reflect, too, that the dissensions of the Reformers have invariably been due to an old-fashioned, all-round grab for spoils. Despite the confusion that has attended the making up of the fusion ticket, it is as good a ticket, perhaps, as could have been expected, and we sincerely hope that no friend of reform will be misled by its mixed character into voting the Tammany ticket. The anti-Tammany plant must be cultivated until it becomes hardy enough to survive the frosts of partisanship, and the defeat of Tammany this Fall will work far toward that end.

CONGRESS, UNFORTUNATELY, sometimes seems to act for the greatest good of the greatest number of Congressmen.

WATTA-MATTA?

AN IDYLL OF THE TAMMANY TRIBE.

*The Return of the Great Chief Cro-Kah. — The Famine. —
The Appeal of the Hungry.*

CHILLY BLEW the blast of Winter,
Blew the Winter blast Harduppus
Through the Tammany encampment,
Which has lately been located
Much outside the city limits
In the land of the Manhattans,
When the great chief Richer-Cro-Kah
Landed from across the water,
With his pockets full of wampum.

Then arose a mighty wailing,
Wailing from the whole encampment,
Wailing from a hungry people,
Long accustomed to the flesh-pots,
Unaccustomed to starvation,
And averse from honest labor:
"Oh, our chief," they wailed, "you wallow
In your wealth, while we are starving,
Help us with your cheek and check-book!"

Wailed the great Chief Pat-Sih Divvah,
Wailed the great Chief Bahni-Mahtin,
Wailed the great Chief Djimmeh-Martin,
She-han, too, the magic chinner,
Gra-deh and the other Chieftains;
From them all arose a wailing,
Like the wail of winds that whistle
In the tree-tops in the Winter,
With the bitter wail of hunger.

"Now," they said, "disgorge, oh, Chieftain,
Of the wealth that we have won thee;
Thou hast fattened on our labors,
Many moons we now have served thee,
Now, behold us all forsaken,
Cast from out our happy wigwam,
Hungry for the spoils of office,
Hungry for a big campaign-fund,
Hungry for the little divvies
Of the days when thou wast with us!"

"Thou, oh, Chief, hast many wigwams,
Thou, oh, Chief, hast racing-stables,
And, in fact, thou hast more wampum
Than thou knowest what to do with,
Any more than thou couldst tell us
Where in blazes it all came from!"

"Now, the wild Garoo pursues us,
And the Goo-Goos seek our scalp-locks,
And the gay reformer hunts us,
Night and day from post to pillar.
Give us of thy wealth, oh, Cro-Kah,
That we turn on them and rend them,
(If they are for rent this Autumn)
Give us, give us, only give us,
Ere we perish in our hunger!"

Then the great Chief, Richer-Cro-Kah,
Swore the mighty oath: "Odमित!"
Swore his tribal oath: "Odमित!"
And he said: "Next time, you bet you,
I will stay in Merrie England
Irrespective of the Season,
Irrespective of the weather,
Irrespective of the racing,

Irrespective of the question
If the Prince of Wales will see me —
I will stay and I will linger
Till the ending of November,
Stay beyond the Fall elections."

And he said unto the Chieftains:
"If, indeed, you thirst and hunger,
If you are in need of money
Get it out of Tee-Cee-Colyer,
Tee-Cee-Colyer of the Plattites,
Of the wealthy tribe of Plattites;
I regret I can not help you,
But at present I am busy:
Popper's got to cut his coupons,
So, ta-ta! and joy be with you."
And the Great Chief, Richer-Cro-Kah,
Vanished in the icy distance.



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USELESS.

SHE.—Would you like to step into the conservatory for a moment and rest?
HE.—What's the use? Someone else is there.



While others insist that by that time the wheeling craze will be dead.

Some think that by next year even invalids, babies and blind people will join the ranks,



AND MEANWHILE THE BOOM GOES ON.

THE BICYCLE PROBLEM.



Some doctors claim that the bike is beneficial, and makes everybody look like this.



Others hold that it is injurious, and causes the above effects.



In some parts of the country bloomers are sternly suppressed.



And in other regions they are rigidly insisted upon.



FORTUNE'S FAVORITES.



HOW FORTUNATE are we who were born with legs and feet!

This is a clear September morning. You will need a right warm coat, for it will be chill till sun-up. It is scarcely daylight. The pavement and the dust in the driveway are wet with dew.

As we pass down the hill and through Main Street, few are astir. It is too early for the grocer, too soon for butch., not quite time even for the tapster, and yonder bum is trying to curb his appetite by sitting on the curbstone.

Here in the ivy on this dark, cool-looking church is life enough of a kind—3,750,400 and odd twittering sparrows. Hey! see that lone milk cart come swirling around the corner, while the driver splits the morning air by singing out how he broke the bank at Monte Carlo. He is happy. Who could help

being happy, having the sleep all out of his head so early on a dewy morning, fresh and cold!

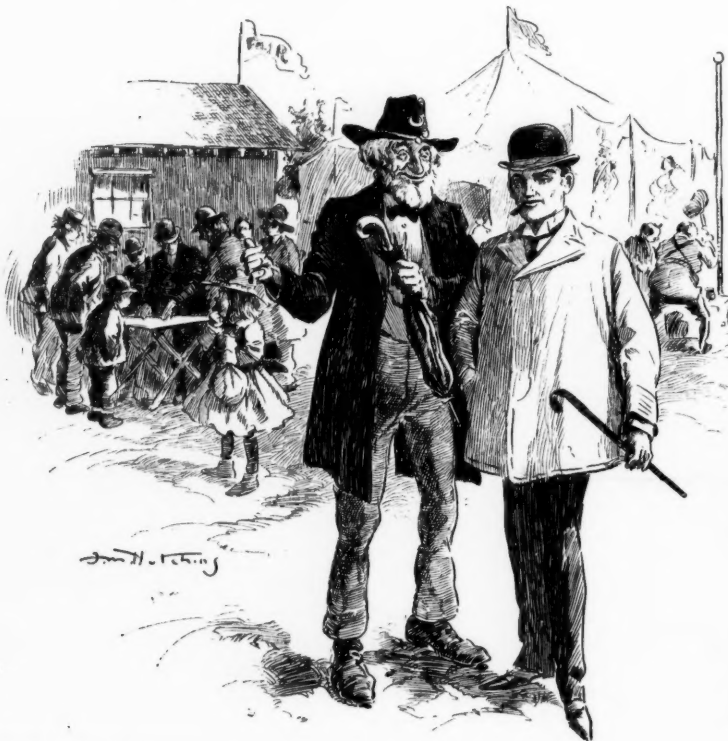
See the pear trees bending under the weight of big Bartlett's upon the close-cropped lawns—and everything dripping wet!

We have passed the lawns now. There is a yellow house with a front fourteen feet square, holding up a wire netting fourteen by twenty-eight, upon which in large, golden letters we read the name of the man who brews the beer that the man in the little house sells. And there is another just the same as that, and further along is another, and away down the white road, almost as far as you can see, is another. By these tokens we are on the beer pike that leads from town to country.

But now—this is genuine country. Is n't that an elegant place? Old shingled house with little squares of glass in the white-sashed windows, ivy all around about it, acres of thick green velvet carpet, covering levels and hilly places, jagged rocks, fine oaks and shag-bark hickory trees growing where no man planted, and flowers—stand right still and drink this perfumed air. Step inside the grounds, go close up and take another drink. The gates are open, the window shades are drawn, you've caught the lovely place asleep, and the flowers invite you in. Linger.

Through the trees you see the mists roll off the surface of a lake.

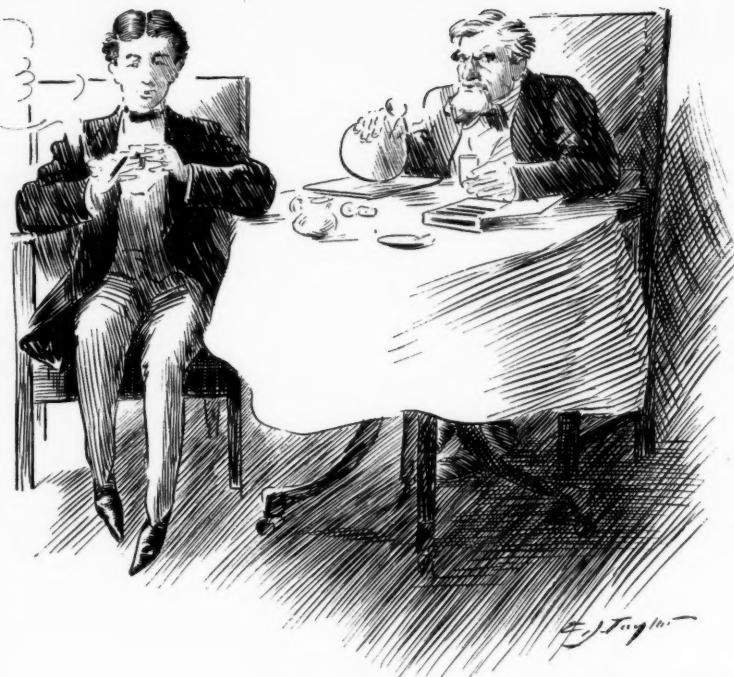
A score of bird notes fall upon our ears. Some are passing sweet. Let us stop and listen to the oriole. We don't know as we are in any particular hurry, be we?



THE ESSENTIAL POINT.

UNCLE BACKWOODS.—I don't see but what you have one chance in three of guessin' the card in that three-card monte game.

NEPHEW.—That 's right; but you have n't any chance at all of getting the money.



PAPA'S THEORY.

THE COUNT.—It will cost two hundred thousand dollars to renovate my ancestral palace.

HER FATHER.—Gee whiz! Is the plumbing out of order?

Now, as we pass on, the rounded tree-tops catch the sunlight.

On every hand they beckon us; here is a young tree of peculiar growth—a rock of wonderful formation when you come to examine it—plants that grow by the wayside but surely never meant to pass for weeds—early bugs—Ah, the view from this eminence!

There, beyond the dark foliage, lies the great water, just awake and smiling back the greeting of the sun; and the wind that stirs its surface comes over to us with a cool breath that is grateful now, and an odor that we must sniff and sniff and sniff. Let us stay here awhile.

There goes one of those unfortunate beings possessed of wheels instead of legs and feet. Poor cuss! compelled to rattle a bell, pedal and zip, and rivet his eyes on dirt.

Morris Milford.

DIVIDING IT.

"Are n't you almost through with the morning paper, dear?" said the husband of the Emancipated Woman, at the breakfast table.

"In a second," replied the latter, who was deep in the sporting news.

The patient little man waited for five or six minutes, and then said again:

"My dear!"

"Well?"

"Could n't you tear off the Man's Page and let me have it?"

AS TO DISAGREEMENTS.

"Henderson and his partner seem to have a good many serious disagreements."

"Yes; they could n't quarrel worse if they were brothers."

ITS VALUE.

ASKINS.—What do you think of Wind-bagger's latest theory?

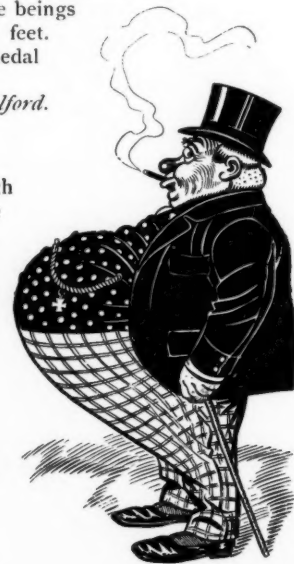
TELLER.—It sounds all right; but, in reality, like all the rest of his theories, it is only an impracticable plan for accomplishing an utter impossibility.

TRADING ON HIS REPUTAION.

STAPLETON.—Did you hear Limberjaw, the eminent orator, last evening?

CALDECOTT.—No; is he very eminent?

STAPLETON.—He must be, or he would n't have the face to work off so many stale anecdotes.



THE SILVER LINING.

MR. STOUT.—I may have an awful corporation on me, but still I have something to look forward to.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.



PICKED UP last night on Riverside
A Diary. She who lost may learn
That she must be identified
Ere she may claim the book's return.

Now she must prove herself to be
The girl who bought, the tenth of May,
Some slippers that I want to see,
(Boudoir; no backs; size 2; I say!)

The girl who paid, July the third,
The bet she made on Harvard's score;
Who rode, June fifth, a horse she heard
Had run away the day before.

The girl who cut her chum in May,
(Who jilted Jack, who 'd yet to earn
Excessive wealth, to clear the way
For Jim, a man with things to burn).

None need apply excepting she
Who lately bought her brother such
A brier pipe, — it cost a V, —
Because she likes the smell so much.

Now, if my ad. should fall her way,
She, fetching proofs I deem to be
Conclusive, then her journal may
Not only have — but also me.

Layton Brewer.

THE ARCTIC EXCURSIONIST.

Far from the frigid North he had returned defeated, dismayed, discouraged.
"And so," his interviewer asked, "you were again baffled in your quest for the Pole?"

The Explorer sighed sadly.

"Yes," he said; "the expedition was a frost, and our provisions gave out; but even then —"

His tones were as sad as ever.

"We lived upon the fat of the land."

And at the recollection he broke down and blubbered again.

BUNCOED.

HAYRICK.—That little sofy piller cost me three hunderd plunks.

TREETOP.—Devil 'n' all! How was that?

HAYRICK.—I bought the sawdust in it off a very expensive feller in N' York.

ALWAYS LISTEN to advice. If it has no other value, it may enable you to show your friend, later on, that he did n't know what he was talking about.

BE SURE you are right; but don't make yourself disagreeable by insisting that everybody else is wrong.

"APPEARANCES ARE deceitful," but not sufficiently so as to suit everybody.



ONE FOR EACH.

MRS. HOOLIHAN.—Wan divorce wud be no good; I want two av thim.

MARKS, THE LAWYER.—What are you driving at?

MRS. HOOLIHAN.—Thot sly devil do be leadin' a dooble life.



Brains and their work elevated
the human race to the position
it holds in the Universe, and
it took brain-work to invent the

"BENEDICT"
Cuff and Collar Button.



SIDE VIEW.



END VIEW.

BENEDICT BROTHERS, Jewelers,

Broadway & Cortlandt St., N. Y.

Manufactured for the Trade by

ENOS RICHARDSON & CO.,

23 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

DEFENDER



LATEST SHAPE.

French Calf Skin.

Hand Made.

EVERY PAIR
WARRANTED.

100 Styles
in Stock.

PRICE,
\$3.00.

Defender

A Word About Our Shoes:

There has been considerable talk by some unreliable shoe dealers about the great advance in leather forcing them to raise the price in shoes. This kind of thing we abominate. The slight advance in leather (less than one per cent.) does not affect the selling price of our shoes. The price is the same — \$3.00. The quality, fit and style are better than ever before. We are doing a straight business. We have but one price — a price that gives the wearer more for his money than he can get elsewhere in the world. Our shoes are superior in every respect to any other \$3.50 shoe manufactured, and equal to any \$5.00 shoe. We guarantee every pair to be just as represented, or money refunded.

KARL'S name on a shoe is a guarantee.

Mention PUCK and receive one of our illustrated Catalogues, free, with rules for self-measurement.

M. S. KARL,

84 & 123 Nassau St., New York.

NO BRANCH STORES.



Irritations

of the

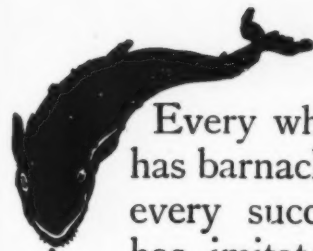
SKIN and SCALP

Odors from Perspiration

Speedy Relief by Using

Packer's
Tar Soap

"Antiseptic, Soothing and Healing."
—Medical Chronicle.



Every whale
has barnacles—
every success
has imitators.

The De Long
Patent Hook and Eye.

See that

hump?

Richardson
& De Long Bros.,
Philadelphia.



Cycling Delight

is at its greatest these
days. Cool, bracing
air; hard, smooth,
dustless roads. The

COLUMBIA BICYCLE



holds \$100 of de-
light in every dol-
lar of the \$100 it
costs. You may
just as well buy
your machine for
next year now.

POPE MFG. CO.,
GENERAL OFFICES
AND FACTORIES,
HARTFORD, CONN.

STUDY LAW AT HOME

Hon. T. V. Powderly, of Pa., ex-
General Master Workman Knights
of Labor, Henry De H. Waite of Ohio,
retired army officer and kinsman of
Chief Justice Waite, Mrs. A. D. Leach,
of Indiana, a stenographer, J. H.
Zuver, of Michigan, a farmer's son,
W. G. Bessy, of Michigan, a school
teacher, J. M. Boyer, of Ohio, a drug-
gist, W. I. Vawter of Oregon, a banker,
Robert McCrory, of Ohio, a county
officer, J. H. Murphy, foreman of the
U. P. R'y. Shops, Utah, and hundreds
besides studied law with us by
mail, and are now practicing suc-
cessfully. The story of their success
and how you can accomplish the
same results is told in a handsome
catalogue and a unique book of four
hundred testimonials, from every
State and every class, sent you free
on your request. Address

The Sprague Correspondence School of Law,
Department J, DETROIT MICHIGAN.



THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
Pianos are the Best.
Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St. New York.
CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells —
S-O-H-M-E-R.



RHEINSTROM BROS.
CINCINNATI
Angostura Bark Bitters

Best of all Cocktail or Tonic Bitters.

5 Bottle of this is equivalent to a bottle of the best of the others.

1 Bottle is as good as a bottle of most of the others.

For sale by all Leading Jobbers and Retailers.

Beeman's—THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum



CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.
The Perfection of Chewing Gum
And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness.
Send 5c. for sample package.
Beeman Chemical Co.
27 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

Rheumatism

can be cured without internal medicine; the direct effect of Electro-Magnetism is to drive out of the system all traces of this troublesome enemy.

Dr. Scott's Electric Belt,

for men and women, will quickly cure Rheumatism, Gout, Liver and Kidney trouble, Nervous Debility, Indigestion and kindred complaints.

Standard Belt, 36 Power, \$3.00. At all druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

"THE DOCTOR'S STORY," a valuable book, free.
GEO. A. SCOTT,
Room 18, 842 Broadway, New York.
Agents Wanted

FLEMING'S OLD EXPORT WHISKEY.



Guaranteed 8 Years Old. FINEST RYE WHISKEY IN AMERICA.

Full Quarts, \$1.50
1 doz. Case, \$15.00

Expressage prepaid to any part of the U. S. on receipt of price.

JOS. FLEMING & SON,
DISTILLERS,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Sold by all First-class Cafes, Grocers and Druggists.

Send 10c. and a 2 oz. sample will be sent expressage prepaid.

AHA!
BLIFFKINS.—If every man were in his place and kept there, and every woman also kept in her proper relation to him, would n't this be a happier world?
MRS. B.—Oh, yes; but it would be hard on the women.
"I should like to know why?"
"They would all be guarding jails!" — *Cleve, Plain Dealer.*

WORN OUT.
MR. DE RICH.—What? Another new street dress? Where is the last one you got?
MRS. DE RICH.—I have worn it out.
"It is n't a week since you got it."
"I wore it out last Thursday." — *N. Y. Weekly.*

Citicura WORKS Wonders

In curing torturing, disfiguring, humiliating humours of the Skin, Scalp, and Blood when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. British Depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind-colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

HIS WEAKNESS. ZIGLEY.—How many "s's" are there in "possess?"
ZABLER.—Four.
ZIGLEY.—Thanks! I never was much of a hand at grammar. — *Roxbury Gazette.*

Always have a bottle or two of Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne in your ice chest; then you will always be ready for callers.

NOT A FAIR REMARK CONDUCTOR.—Did I get your fare?

PASSENGER.—I guess so; I did n't see you ring it in for the company. — *Roxbury Gazette.*

Pocket ... Kodak

\$5.00



Makes pictures large enough to be good for contact printing and good enough to enlarge to any reasonable size.

Pocket Kodak, loaded for 12 pictures, 1 1/2 x 2 in., Developing and Printing Outfit, \$5.00 1.50

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Sample photo and booklet for two 2-cent stamps.

The Shawknit Half-Hose



Are so constructed as to Fit.

They contain NO BUNCHES,
They contain NO PERCEPTIBLE SEAMS,
They contain NOTHING to ANNOY and are made of

The BEST YARNS and in a Great Variety of Attractive Styles

Look for the trade-mark on the toe. Send for Descriptive Price-List.

SHAW STOCKING CO., Lowell, Mass.



WOES OF AN ARKANSAW TRAVELER.

COL. EATON CLAY (of Little Rock).—Slice me, sah, if evah I go up No'th again!

MAJOR BOWIE.—Why, Colonel, did n't they treat you right in New Yo'k?

COL. EATON CLAY.—No, sah! I happened to be taken with my morning chill on the street just as an organ struck up that midway music, and, slice me, sah! but I was run in, fo' dancing the Hoochi Koochi, sah!

THE POET.

The poet longs for things beyond the common, vulgar sort; If the poet did less longing, he would not be quite so short.

—*Washington Star.*

WHAT SHALL WE CHEW?

Mail Pouch.
ANTI-NERVOUS
ANTI-DYSPEPTIC
PURE HARMLESS SATISFYING



BARKEEPER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c, at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

OH, IF I ONLY HAD HER
Complexion! Why, it is easily obtained. Use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder.

From Maker to Wearer.

100 Styles.

The REGAL

New English Custom Toe.

Calf, Russia Calf, and Enamel, all extension edge.

\$3.50

Send stamp for Catalogue. L. C. Bliss & Co.

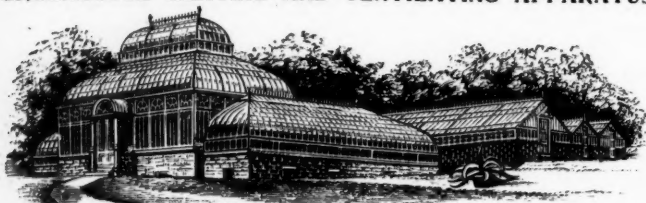
STORES: 109 Summer St., Boston; 115 and 117 Nassau St., New York; 1347 Broadway, New York; 291 Broadway, New York; 357 Fulton St., Brooklyn; 1305 F St., N. W., Washington; 69 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.; 78 Dorrance St., Providence; 219 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore; 119 North Main St., Brockton.

Factory, Brockton, Mass.



D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; athletes or invalid. Complete gymnasium; takes 6 in. of floorroom; new, scientific, durable, cheap. Indorsed by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Illustrated circular, 40 engravings, free. Address D. L. DOWD, Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th Street, N. Y.

HITCHINGS & CO.
Established 50 Years.
HORTICULTURAL ARCHITECTS AND BUILDERS
And Largest Manufacturers of
GREENHOUSE HEATING AND VENTILATING APPARATUS.



The highest awards received at the World's Fair for Horticultural Architecture, Greenhouse Construction and Heating Apparatus. Conservatories, Greenhouses, Palm Houses, etc., erected complete with our Patent Iron-Frame Construction. SEND FOUR CENTS FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES. 233 Mercer Street, NEW YORK CITY.

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Bearing this Name are the



Best at Any Price.

"Graduated" Elastic Cord Makes Them So.

Best furnishers keep them. Fifty cents and upwards. Cheaper model at 25 cents. Sample pairs mailed for the price. Look for "Graduated" Cord and name on each pair.

CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., No. 4 Decatur Avenue, Roxbury, Mass.

LAUTIER FILS OLIVE OIL.

GEORGE LUKERS & CO., New York. Wholesale Agents.

Boston Trousers Stretcher & Hanger

Your Trousers!!—
Every pair when not in use,
Should in your closet hang.
And if each leg, so nicely pressed,
You'd keep creased true—
As though 'twas new.
Then for each pair of Trousers, you—
Should have a Pair of Stretchers too

PRICES.

BRONZE, One Pair 25c., Five Pairs \$1
NICKEL, 1 Pair 35c., 3 Pairs \$1, 5 Pairs \$1.50
Sold by Tailors, Clothiers and Haberdashers. If not found, will be mailed postage prepaid on receipt of price. Remit by stamps or P.O. Order.

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551 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

No line in the world equals the New York Central in the comfort and speed of its trains and the beauty and variety of its scenery.

In the opinion of a prominent English expert, the New York Central possesses the most perfect system of block signals in the world.

8 3/4 hours, New York to Buffalo; 9 1/4 hours, New York to Niagara Falls; 24 hours, New York to Chicago; 21 1/4 hours, New York to Cincinnati; 29 3/4 hours, New York to St. Louis, via the New York Central.

The most comfortable route to St. Louis is the New York Central.

The best line to Cincinnati is the New York Central, through Buffalo and Cleveland.

The direct line to Niagara Falls is the New York Central.

Traveling by the New York Central, you start from the center of the city of New York, and reach the center of every important city in the country.

Children Cry

for PITCHER'S

CASTORIA

WRINKLES crow's feet, whether premature or from age, permanently smoothened out by scientific methods. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 West 42d St., New York.



LIMITED.

DASHAWAY.—I would n't be engaged to that girl under any circumstances.

CLEVERTON.—What! not if she were worth a million?

DASHAWAY.—Well, I would n't be engaged to her any longer than I could help.



Beecham's pills for constipation 10c. and 25c. Get the book at your druggist's and go by it.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

**HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.**

31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St., Puck Bldg., NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman St., NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

Williams' Shaving Stick 25c.

Strong, metal-lined case. Tourists' and Travelers' use.

"Genuine Yankee" Soap 10c.

Oldest and most famous cake of shaving-soap in the world.

THEY HAVE BEEN UNRIVALLED FOR 50 YEARS

Williams' Shaving Tablet 25c.

Just fits the cup. The acme of luxury.

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Used by leading barbers the world over. Exquisite for Toilet and Bath.

If your dealer does not have these soaps—we mail them—to any address—postpaid on receipt of price.
Address **THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct., U. S. A.**
London: 64 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, W. C.

THE ONLY BICYCLE LANTERN BURNING KEROSENE OIL

SEARCH LIGHT

SEARCH LIGHT

BICYCLE LANTERN

MANUFACTURED BY BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



CORPUS LEAN
Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs. per month without injury to health. Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars covering testimonials. L.E. Marsh Co. 2315 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.



ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.
Simply stopping the fat producing effects of food. The supply being stopped, the natural working of the system draws on the fat and reduces weight at once. Sold by all Druggists.



HIGHEST AWARD
WORLD'S FAIR 1893.

The Brunswick

DOWNTOWN DEPOT
SURBURG, 159 FULTON ST. N.Y.

The Leading Havana Cigar

OF THE UNITED STATES.

Sold in every State in the Union. Equal to any imported cigar. We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them, send \$1 for sample box of 10 to **JACOB STAHL, JR. & CO. Makers,** 16th St. and 8d Ave., N. Y. City. Send money by registered mail.

Exact Size. Perfecto.

RAMBLER

\$100

BICYCLES

are ridden by the better class of bicyclists, people who are either well posted on wheel affairs or were prompted by the world-wide popularity of the RAMBLER, and the sterling worth of its guarantee, to pay the price . . .

"AND RUN NO RISK"

Catalogue free at any of the 1,200 Rambler agencies, or by addressing the **GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.** Chicago. Boston. New York. Washington. Brooklyn. Detroit. Coventry, Eng.

GOLDEN AGE

(CHAMPAGNE)

PRODUCED BY THE FRENCH NATURAL PROCESS OF FERMENTATION IN BOTTLE. EQUAL IN QUALITY AND CHEAPER THAN IMPORTED. HIGHEST AWARD AT COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION. If you cannot get it of your dealer, address, **HAMMONDSPORT WINE CO., HAMMONDSPORT, N.Y.**

Evans' Ale.

Purest WATER.
Finest HOPS.
Strongest MALT.
The Essence of Nature.
Preferred by Connoisseurs for over 100 years.
Clear.
No Sediment.
Perfection of Bottling.
Call for it at the Club or Cafe.
"Insist upon Evans'."
For Sale Everywhere.
Brewery, Hudson, N.Y.
C. H. EVANS & SONS.



CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

OPIUM

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

THE SHAWKNIT STOCKINGS have been so favorably known to the public, that it seems superogatory to say anything in their praise; but there are always people that have yet to learn about them, and for their information, it is repeatedly said that these stockings are knitted in accordance with the shape of the human foot; that they are the stockings whose colors stand sunlight, soap and perspiration, and that they are the stockings that wear a long time before darning becomes necessary. They combine all the good qualities. See the advertisements that appear in our columns.

TEUTONIC IS KING PIN



TEUTONIC IS A DELIGHTFUL TABLE BEVERAGE.



A FEMININE FAILING.

H! THE modern maid with her mannish ways
Has one feminine failing yet that stays,
A trait of the days gone by;
For e'en when she boldly at poker plays,
Knowing well how to "draw," to "bluff," and to "raise,"
Yet often is she *shy*!

THERE is always something to occupy a girl's mind. When she discovers Santa Claus is a farce, she begins to believe in love.—*Atchison Globe*.

Travelers' headaches or Train Sickness
Cured in 20 minutes by Bromo-Seltzer.



OUR WINTER STOCK now ready.

It will pay you to see it. The best goods at the most reasonable prices.
In the meantime we are selling our Fall Stock at very much reduced prices, to push it out of the way.

Nicoll & Co. Tailors

771 Broadway,
145-147 Bowery, New York.
Samples and rules for self-measuring for the asking.

the doctors

approve of Scott's Emulsion. For whom? For men and women who are weak, when they should be strong; for babies and children who are thin, when they should be fat; for all who get no nourishment from their food. Poor blood is starved blood. Consumption and Scrofula never come without this starvation. And nothing is better for starved blood than cod-liver oil. Scott's Emulsion is cod-liver oil with the fish-fat taste taken out.

Two sizes, 50 cents and \$1.00

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York

THE SIX LITTLE "FLY" TAILORS



BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER.

Brooks's Kersey Overcoatings,

in Black, Blue and Brown, made to order \$20

CALL AND EXAMINE A SAMPLE COAT BEFORE ORDERING.

Black, Blue and Brown Diagonal Cheviot suits, to order, \$15.50

Hundreds of other designs from which to select.

London Stripe trousers, to order, \$5

500 Different Designs.

We hand every customer a United States Government copyright Guarantee for clothes to wear one year. Samples and self-measurement guide sent on application.

SIX LITTLE TAILORS

229 Broadway, opp. P. O. Bowery, cor. Broome St., NEW YORK.

GOUT?

For Sale by Druggists.
PAMPHLET FREE.

LEHN & FINK, Agents, New York.

SCHERING'S PIPERAZIN WATER

RECOMMENDED FOR
Gravel, Calculus, Lazy Liver, and all Uric Acid Troubles.

WILL CURE IT.

"WAS the debate between the colonel and the major spirited?"
"Yes, sah! Both drank!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



Importer and Maker of

RICH FURS

24 East 23d Street,
Madison Square, South,
New York.

Our Jacket Models for the coming Winter are ready for inspection.

AN ENTIRELY NEW DEPARTURE IN SEALSKIN AND PERSIAN LAMB.

A large assortment of Capes and Collarettes in the new combinations of

PERSIAN AND CHINCHILLA,
SEALSKIN AND IMPERIAL ERMINE.



SEALSKIN AND PERSIAN EMPIRE JACKET.

WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT.—Special attention to the furnishing of skins and trimmings for Tailors and Makers of Robes et Manteaux.
Telephone, 656 18th.

Feet Resters "Ball-Bearing"

Bicycle Shoes

make your feet feel delightfully easy and comfortable. You can ride so far without tiring. Everybody is wearing them. Men's, ladies' and children's. All sizes, all widths. Black \$3.00 and Tan \$3.50. Sold everywhere. Complete line of "Ball-Bearing" Shoes for Athletes, Foot Ball, Tennis, Golf, etc.

Pratt Lace Fastener secures laces without tying.
C. H. FARGO & CO., MAKERS, CHICAGO.



This Trade Mark on every Heel.

M. Stachelberg & Co's Havana Cigars

EST. 1857.
COSTLIEST BECAUSE BEST

Telegram from Russia:

"SEND TO ANITCHKOFF PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG, IMMEDIATELY, ONE DOZEN VIN MARIANI, FOR HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA."

Ordered by the Court Physicians.

A subsequent letter, ordering a further supply of fifty bottles "Vin Mariani," states that H.I.M. the Empress of Russia has derived the greatest benefit from its use.

VIN MARIANI

"The Ideal Tonic Wine."

Fortifies, Nourishes and Stimulates the Body and Brain.

It restores Health, Strength, Energy and Vitality.

Avoid Substitutions. Ask for "Vin Mariani" at all Druggists.

For Descriptive Book with Portraits and testimony of noted Celebrities, write to

MARIANI & CO., 52 W. 15th St., New York.
PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann.
LONDON: 239 Oxford Street.



AN OUTSIDER'S VIEW.

"I suppose," said the man who had gone to the Wagner concert to see how he would like it, "I suppose that is harmony."

"I suppose it is," said the other man; "although it would seem to me off-hand, as if the violins and the brass band had failed to agree on a ticket."

THERE are some people who claim a certain amount of distinction because they have seen a century plant in bloom.—*Atchison Globe.*

Rollicking Childhood.



It is surely your dearest wish to see your children strong and happy with sparkling eyes and lively, sturdy limbs.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S Malt-Nutrine

is the ideal tonic for growing children. They will like the taste of it and it will nourish and invigorate them. Especially helpful to nursing mothers.

To be had at all Druggists' and Grocers.'

Prepared by ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N., St. Louis, U. S. A.

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The Supreme Court of Washington, D. C. has awarded to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n. the disputed Highest Score of award with Medal and Diploma of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

LACK OF ARRANGEMENT.

HAMLET HARDUPTON (*meditating*).
— Things are all out of place with me. I wish I could only get the shine off my coat, and put it on my shoes!—*Truth.*

BOKER'S BITTERS, a specific against Dyspepsia, an appetizer and a delicacy in drinks.



THE OVERCOATS WE MAKE GO RIGHT INTO PLACE WITHOUT PULLING OR STRETCHING.

GIVE US AN ORDER AND WE 'LL PROVE IT. RETURN IT IF NOT SATISFACTORY, AND GET YOUR MONEY.

SPECIAL SALE OF THE WORUMBO AND WARRENTON BLUE, BLACK, AND GRAY KERSEYS AND MELTONS TO ORDER AT \$20, MADE WITH 1/2 INCH LAP SEAM, RAW EDGE AND DOUBLE STITCH, VELVET COLLAR, SILK, SATIN, OR FANCY PLAID LININGS.

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ARNHEIM,

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A PERSONIFICATION.

"Did you read that letter slandering me politically and signed John Smith?"

"Yes."

"John Smith is merely a *nom de plume*; don't you think so?"

"Yes; I fancied it was a pseudonym for '*Veritas*.'"

A GENTLE HINT.

Down by a little running brook, I first met Maggie May; Her father was a dairyman who made the business pay.

—*Detroit Free Press.*



BRUCE'S BEEF CAPSULES

WHAT ARE THEY?

They are the finest French Gelatine Capsules, filled with Armour's Extract of Beef (which means absolute purity); sufficiently flavored to suit the average taste, and are prepared with the most scrupulous care and cleanliness.

WHAT ARE THEY FOR?

You drop one in a teacupful (5 ounces) of boiling water, stir thoroughly; it will quickly dissolve, and you then have a delicious and wholesome drink of BEEF TEA.

Large boxes, (holding 12 Capsules) 50 cents each.
Small " " " " " " 25 " " "

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MOST men can prove their wives' ignorance by the marriage certificates.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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Men's English, Irish and Scotch Suitings.

Trouserings and Overcoatings.

Homespun, Golf and Bicycle Suitings.

Ladies' Dress Cloths.

New colorings, fancy mixed effects.

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A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the World.

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WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN,

TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

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DASHLEY.—I don't believe in running a man down behind his back. COASTER.—Then you don't enjoy bicycle-riding?—*Norristown Herald.*

Safe, sure, prompt is Bromo-Seltzer
For all headaches and stomach disorders.

To prevent any disorders of the stomach, or as an appetizer, use BOKER'S BITTERS.



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CHORUS OF TAMMANY HOSTILES. — Injuns heap hungry! — Big Chief heap rich! — must help us make another raid on the white man over there!